Time Table.

L. & S DIVISION.

TRAINS RUNNING NORTH.

No. 304,	passenger	4:47 a. m.
" 312,	local	8:30 "
" 302,	passenger	3:15 p. m.

TRAINS RUNNING SOUTH.

No. 301,	passenger	12:30 p. m.
" 311,	local	5:00 "
" 303,	passenger	9:40 "

ST. L. & E. DIVISION.

No. 343	mixed, leaves	6:45 a. m.
" 344	" arrives	3:25 p. m.

E. K. CARNES, Agent.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Honor Among Thieves.—Old Lady—"Sir, you've stolen my daughter's love." Unabashed Culprit—"Well, didn't I return it?"—Time.

—Democrat—"This has been a pretty hard year for the Republicans in the United States." Republican—"Yes; but we carried Brazil."—Life.

—Caste.—Big Calf (vainly)—"Get out, of my way or I'll step on you. You're nobody." Barnyard Fowl (haughtily)—"If you could hear folks grumble when they find veal in chicken salad you'd change your tune."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Modern Training.—Mother—"Now you have broken my cup. You deserve a whipping; come here." Fritz—"No, I won't come." Mother—"Come, Fritz, till I whip you, and then you shall have a slice of cake."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Hostess—"And so you really believe the moon to be inhabited, professor?" Professor—"Ah, vell, I do not say zat, but zere is vun moon in vich zer mus' be vun man." Hostess—"And which might that be, pray?" Professor—"Vy—ze—vat you call it? Ze honeymoon!"

—First Widow—"Why, Mrs. Verdant, what do you intend to do with the pail?" Second Widow—"Well, you see, my poor husband requested that his grave be kept green, and as I am about to get married again I thought I would give it a coat of green paint."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Native—"Yes, sir, we are to have one of the finest health resorts in the world right here. We have every advantage and invalids from all parts of the world will soon be coming here to be cured." Visitor—"Ah, indeed? What is that immense tract of ground over yonder—several hundred acres I should say?" Native—"That, sir, is to be used as our cemetery."—America.

—Small Boy—"Say, pa, I wish you'd get me a bicycle." Old Man—"Can't afford it, my son. Rent too high, coal too dear. Besides, I don't want you to break your neck." Small Boy—"Well, then, a tricycle." Old Man—"Can't do it. But I'll tell you what you can have. When winter comes I'll try and get you a nice long icicle." [The youngster is pacified.]—Grip.

—Modern Improvements. — Real-Estate Agent (out West)—"This is the house I told you about." Eastern Man (anxious to grow up with the country)—"Rather pretty place! Contains all the modern improvements, does it?" Agent—"Yes, siree. Which will you look at first, the cyclone cave or the earthquake cellar?"—N. Y. Weekly.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—When cooking onions set a tin of vinegar on the stove, let it boil, and you will have no disagreeable smell.

—Crystal globes in colored or cut glass filled with long-stemmed roses are a lovely decoration for the lunch or tea table. The globes come in ruby, sapphire and emerald tints, and usually rest on a mirror plaque.

—Codfish croquettes — Take equal parts of picked-up codfish (freshened in water) and fresh mashed potatoes; season with pepper, dip in egg, and roll in fine cracker meal and fry like oysters, making them in any shape preferred.

—In oyster stew or any thing where one wishes to use the liquor let it come to a boil so as to take off the scum. Never boil oysters, as it toughens them, simply let them come to a boiling point. It should simply boil around the edges.

—Sweetbread Sauce.—Remove the tough skin from the sweetbreads and let stand in cold water twenty minutes. Cut in halves, then in quarters and season with salt and pepper, boil till tender and put a tablespoonful each of butter and flour in a frying pan and when hot put in the sweetbreads; stir until a light brown, which will take about ten minutes.—Yankee Blade.

—An experienced housekeeper says the best water tank is a stone jar—one of five or six gallons. This will not rust, and is not affected by change of temperature. Ice will dissolve in it without hurting it, and water will stand in it, as it is changed, for years without rusting it. Besides, clear, fresh water will keep cool, in a closet or other shady place, in a stone jar better than in any other position.

—Crackling Pone.—This is a Southern recipe: For a small pone take one quart of corn meal scalded with as much boiling water as it will absorb, and allow it to cool until the hand can be used to mix into it one cupful of well-salted "cracklings" or scraps left from trying out lard. Wet the hands in cold water and pat the pone into a cake an inch thick on a pan. Bake in the oven.—New England Farmer.

—Jellied Chicken.—Boil the chicken till the meat falls from the bone, in as little water as possible; take it out and let it cool; chop and season with salt and pepper, then put it in a mold with a layer of hard, boiled eggs, either chopped or sliced; boil the water in which the meat was cooked until it is half boiled away, add a tablespoonful of gelatine, and when it is dissolved pour over the meat; this will be ready to use the next day after it is prepared; the eggs may be omitted if desired.—Detroit Free Press.

The Most Desirable End.

Most people have many things in which they desire to succeed, innocent in themselves except when they interfere with a higher aim and worthier purpose. It is this conflict of aims, this gradation of duties, that makes life often seem so complex and so difficult. The questions come continually before every thoughtful mind: "Is this aim which I set before me the highest I can reach? Is it not merely a desirable end, but the most desirable? Is it likely to lead to still better and worthier purposes, or is it likely to hide them from view?" As we answer these questions to ourselves intelligently and conscientiously, the rightful limits of each will become clear, and our desire to succeed in each will harmonize with those limits. Thus the desire for pleasure will be limited by the desire for health, the care of self by the care for others, the love of money by the love of honor, the effort to please by the effort to do right.—N. Y. Ledger.

HER LENTEN LILIES.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

From the New York Ledger.

"Suddenly, as if frightened by fear or a feeling of woe or ire,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame and forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning." LONGFELLOW.

"A carriage stopping here!" exclaimed little Mrs. Bassett, peeping between the branches of the giant geranium which stood in her front window. "There must be some mistake. Surely, the ladies intend to call next door."

But evidently the ladies did not. They had alighted from the landau, and without a glance at the imposing residence of green stone to their right, opened the small wooden gate and went up between the beds of budding bulbs, crocuses, anemones, hyacinths and tulips. Mrs Bassett's home was a tiny frame building, which was sadly in need of a coat of paint; but so trimly kept that the bit of a gaden, so scrupulously clean the porch and steps, so golden bright the brass door-bell handle, so dazzlingly polished the window, above all, so delicate and glowing and beautiful the flowers that bloomed against the background of snowy Swiss curtains, one instinctively felt for it a friendliness which the more majestic mansions around failed to awaken.

"I declare," said Mrs. Bassett, taking the glasses off those large, lovely, gray-blue eyes of hers, rubbing them vigorously, and putting them on again, "it is really Mrs. Vandelour, the wife of dear Jack's cousin, and her daughter."

The bell rang. Mrs. Bassett kept no servant. She answered the bell herself. The lady at the threshold was tall, pompous, clad with the showy costliness that lacks true elegance. Her nose was very large, her lips were very thin; her brows were so arched they gave to her countenance a constant expression of frigid inquiry; her gray hair was frizzed against the flaring green velvet brim of her bird-bedecked bonnet.

"How do you do, Lavender?" she cried, with effusion, and extending to the mistress of the cottage a short, thick hand incased in a glove of primrose kid. "It was such an age since we had seen you, or even heard of you, that we felt we must really pay you a visit."

Mrs. Bassett experienced a sense of bewilderment. Never since her husband's disappearance two years ago, and her consequent descent from affluence to comparative poverty, had the Vandelours deigned to notice her socially. They had had meetings and interviews relative to certain legal matters, but they had not invited Mrs. Bassett to their home or visited her in hers. So it was not strange she rather questioned the motive of the present unusual attention.

"You are very kind," she said. "Come in."

She shook hands with the daughter of her gushing guest, and ushered both ladies into her little parlor. It was the cosiest, the daintiest, the most artistic apartment conceivable. Many fine relics of her former life had been retained. The oriental rug, that almost covered the floor, was one; the bookcase of polished rosewood, a long, low, dwarf affair, was second; the oil portrait of a handsome and gallant-looking man was another. The room was quite guiltless of the hideous productions usually designated fancy work. Instead, there were some good etchings and magazines, for Lavender Bassett was one of those persons who feel they can better sacrifice a few of life's necessaries, or those things that are ordinarily considered such, than some of its luxuries. But the supreme charm of the place was embraced in the bay window. That was a veritable bower of verdure, of bloom, of beauty, such flowers! only one who loved them dearly could have brought them to their state of absolute perfection. For they all seemed to be in bloom. The tall oleander, with its long, banana-like leaves; the Storm King fuchsia; the veined, olive leaved and waxen-pink bogonia; the creamy Chinese primroses; the brilliant and multi-hued spikes of spicy geraniums. Most exquisite of all, the lilies! Of these, stately, snow-pure, golden-hearted things, there were fully two dozen. Many were in full and splendid bloom; others were in bud; but every one was exquisite, simply that.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Vandelour, bringing her fat hands together with a gasp of amazement, of delight, "Mrs. Delamere did not exaggerate about your Lenten lilies! They are magnificent."

Mrs. Delamere! Lavender Bassett could hardly repress a smile. Mrs. Delamere was a very wealthy and fashionable lady who lived in the pretentious green stone dwelling which over-shadowed hers. She had called on Mrs. Bassett, and been very kind. She went a great deal into society. She had doubtless chanced to meet Mrs. Vandelour, and had mentioned her neighbor's success as a florist. But surely a desire to behold some fine flowers would not account for that lady's visit.

"They are pretty," she assented with pardonable pride.

"Pretty! They are supurb! I never saw anything like them. Did you Oriole?"

Oriole, a stoop-shouldered, billious looking girl, over-dressed like her mother, was regarding them with envious eyes.

"Never! O mamma, if only—"

Her mother sent her a glance of piercing reproof. The time was not yet ripe.

Half an hour passed. The visitors beamed on Lavender Bassett. She calmly and courteously entertained them. She was such a contrast to them. She was so slender, and so graceful—so quiet. Her gown, of some thick, soft black stuff, was fashioned with absolute simplicity, there were a few folds of crape at wrists and throat. Her face reminded one of her own precious lilies, so purely pale it was. Her features were delicately regular. Her eyes, dark-browed and dark-fringed, had the dreamy, attentive, half-brooding look of one who is very near-sighted. And her hair, gleamingly, golden, was at once a crown and an aureole. But her expression was one of sadness, the most controlled, intense.

A rather curious story, that of Lavender Bassett's. Married at eighteen to her first and only lover installed in a charming home of her own, with income sufficient to meet all probable requirements, she was the happiest of women. Two years after her marriage Jack Bassett was obliged to go west to look up some land in which he was interested. He never returned. Many were the conjectures as to his fate. A great deal of advertising and searching was done, vainly. Four months after his disappearance his girl baby was born. A couple of hundred dollars to her personal credit at the bank had Mrs. Bassett—that and her jewels. Otherwise she was unprovided for. One day a lawyer waited on her, explaining, or endeavoring to explain, a very peculiar case. Some old transatlantic relative of her husband had died. His estate of stupendus value, was willed to Jack Bassett if he could and would fulfill eratic requests and conditions. In case he was unable or unwilling to do so, the property would pass to another relavive, Hermann Vandelour.

The vanishment of young Bassett, the queer complications now resulting, and all the singular features of the affair were popular newspaper themes for several months. Then public interest in the matter waned. The case went into the courts, and it was generally conceded that if Jack Bassett did not soon materialize, the decision must be in favor of Vandelour. But Jack Bassett's wife and friends decided that he must be dead. For such steady, home-loving chap as he would willingly remain away from all that was most sacred to him for two years. Thus stood matters on the day of the Vandelours' visit. As they arose to go the wife of Jack's cousin abruptly made known the cause of her unwonted condescension.

"Lavender," she said, "we are going to have a reception on Easter Monday, and I'm sure you will let us have your lilies. They are the fashionable flowers this year, you know. The florists charge so outrageously for them. Even the rental of them would be enormous at this particular time."

A brief silence ensued. Mrs. Vandelour mistook it for consent.

"Of course we would send an express wagon for them," she hurried on vivaciously, "and they woul be returned to you in the best of order. They would merely be used for decorating the rooms. Those sea onions and that oleander you might let us have also. They are very effective. And then it would only be necessary for us to purchase some cut flowers. But it is the lilies we particularly require. I do not mind saying in confidence to you that Oriole, being a debutante this year, it is all we can manage to keep her in new gowns and entertain for her. Of course it will be all different when this lawsuit is decided in Hermann's—"

She broke off. She had said too much, and she knew it. Over the sensitive face of little Mrs. Bassett a swift rosy tide went sweeping. The final remark had hurt her, but it had not influenced her. Her mind was quite made up before its utterance.

"It is impossible," she said quietly, "for me to grant your requst. You require the lilies for Easter Monday. This is Saturday. By this time to-morrow I shall not have a lily in my possession."

"What!" sharply, "you have sold them in advance?"

The rose bloom deepened to carnation.

"No. I do not sell my flowers. I give them to the sufferers in the hospitals. And I have been saving my lilies to give on Easter Sunday."

"Then," crid Mrs. Vandelour, in a shrill and angry voice, "I am to understand you prefer beggars to your relations-at-law?"

"You are to understand," averred Mrs. Bassett, with calmness that seemed to be unruffled by the wrath of her visitors, "that I only give my flowers to those who are otherwise unable to procure them."

It was with black frowns and indignant muttering that Mrs. Vandelour and her daughter took their departure. Indeed, the latter brushed so rudely by the tiny child of their hostess, that she sent the baby staggering against the wall.

Luminously blossomed the Easter dawn. Mrs. Bassett dressed herself somberly as was her wont of late and went early to church. On her return she cut her lilies. There were twenty-eight in all—a sheaf of marvelous beauty. Leaving Annie with Mrs. Delamere's children she went to the hospital. There she was known and welcomed. As she passed into the main ward white cots were ranged, the nurse accompanying her pointed out one particular bed.

"That is a new case since you were here. An odd one too. The man is suffering from prostration both physical and mental. His mind is almost gone. He can recall nothing, remember no one."

A few words of pity passed Lavender's lips. She went on down the ward, leaving on each bed a lily and a message of cheer or comfort. She glanced at the patient—leaned forward, looked more searchingly. Her eyes dilated—darkened. Her whole face went white as death She trembled so violently the lilies she held fell to the floor. Suddenly, with a cry of the most piercing, delirous delight, she reeled forward, fell against the low bed, and flung her arms around him who lay thereon.

"Jack! Jack! Oh, Jack!"

Worn, haggard, bearded, changed, still she knew him.

That cry! That voice! It recalled his dormant faculties, his benumbed brain. He strove to stand erect. The light of consciousness, of intelligence, of recognition, came into his countenance.

"My wife!" he murmured.

The attendants came hurrying up. All attention was given the invalid. It was several hours before weak dazed, blissful, Lavender could return home The news of Jack Bassett's return was soon public property. His recovery was rapid and complete. And, to the furious disappointment of Vandelours, his claim to inheritance of the disputed estate was admitted and established. He could not recall much from the hour he had been beaten and robbed in Dakota, to the moment of his recognition in the city hospital. But little by little the story of his sufferings, of his sad, half senseless wanderings, transpired.

It is with feelings of the most inexpressible content that this Easter Sunday Jack Bassett and his wife hear the bells of joy peal out.

"Oh, darling he says, drawing her to him, "if you in your sweet charity had not gone to the hospital to gladden some sorrowful ones, we might never have met. But your face, your voice, had power to draw me back from the verge of insanity, from death to life. But you are crying, dearest."

It is true. But through the tears her face is radiant with love, gratitude, gladness.

"Listen!" she murmurs; let another speak my heart for me!"

And then she softly quotes:

"There's not a foolish flower i' the grass,
Or bird through the woodland calling,
So glad again of the coming rain
As I of these tears now falling—
Those happy tears down falling."

The men and women who go to a store to duplicate an article seldom have any idea of the annoyance they are likely to be. But the world is full of trouble.